But the tide will turn if you walt a w And you'll get 'Yes' where you got The skipper turned again with a smile,
And he found his love in a better mood
For she had had time to think the while,
I shall find ten worse for one as goo
So the tide had turned, and he got "Yea
The sails were filled and the wind the
fair.
Don't limit the pleasant w rds, I pray;
They are for every one everywhere.

The tide will turn if you wait a wee.
And good's not lost if but defer'd;
Supposing your plans have gone a-glee,
Bon t flee away like a frighted bird.
Eas that you've asked a favor is vain,
To-morrow may be a better day,
The tide of fortune will turn again,
And you'll get "Yea" where you
"Nay."

The tide will turn if the thing you mind is worth the walting and worth the cost if you seek and seek until you find. Then your labor will never be lost. For waiting is often working, you see, And though the water may row be low. The tide will turn if you bide a wee, And you'll get "Yes" where you go "No."

'No."
-Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.

A COLLEGE ROMANCE

A Story of Love and Constitutional History.

L The lecture was just over. We four girls, the lectured, were standing, notebooks in hand, in a little group in the corridor, talking in subdued tones, consulting one another on a knotty point in the history of grand jury. The lecturer came out of the lecture-room and passed us. He bowed gravely as he passed and went hastily down the stairs, his college cap in his hand, his long gown falling limply about his tall, thin figure. We were silent until he was out of sight; then our tongues were loosened, and we no longer spoke in subdued tones.

"Poor young man," said Lottie.

feelingly.
"He is grave as a judge," said Nell.
"That," said Claudia, weightily, "is
"That," said claudia, weightily, "is nervousness. He is nervous, girlsnervous of us."

But it was I who had most to say. leant against the balusters, with my face towards the open door of the lecture-room, and gave the girls the benefit of all my observations.

"Yes, he is nervous," I said. "Poor young man, he is shy! When I asked him if the grand jury still existed he blushed, girls—oh, he is copper-col-ored to start with, I know, but he blushed through the copper-color——" "For your ignorance, perhaps," sug-

gested Claudia. 'He is very shy," said I. "He is not used, I expect, to teaching girls. He can not forget that we are girls. He waited—did you notice?—until we had left the room; the other lecturers stalk out before us. I think he wanted to open the door and to bow us out. Oh, poor young man, he is shy! shy and

young —
The girls were frowning at me.
Claudia was touching my elbow, with
mysterious meaning, on one side; Nell pulling my sleeve imperatively on the other. Lottie formed her lips into a silent "hush."

"Shy and young—very young—what is the matter?" I said.
Noboly answered me. No answer,

indeed, was needed. At that moment our lecturer passed us again, and went back into the lecture-room. He had come up the stairs behind me—he must have heard me. He seemed to glance my way as he passed. There seemed to be a twinkle in his gray-blue eyes. The girls moved slowly away, but I turned precipitately and fled.

Past the lecture-room door, along the corridor, up-stairs I fled, to my own little room (study, bed-chamber and reception-room) near the sky. I mean to work and took my Stubbs and turned over its leaves, and found my place hurriedly, with an unusual energy. But work would not drive away remembrance of my unlucky speeches; the sentences bore no meaning to me I could not fix my attention on the his shut up my Stubbs in despair; the girls were playing tennis in the courts below; I seized my racket and ran swiftly down to join them. Tennis would

make me forget.

But if my thoughts were distracted for an hour or two they attacked me again when the game was over. I stood before my glass and changed my dress for dinner and grew rosy red as the remembrance of my words came back. I had said that he had blushed bacas. I had said that he had blushed because I spoke to him—I had said that he was shy—I had implied that he was shy of me because I was a girl. I should never dare to speak to him or look at him again. I had called him copper-colored—at least I might have spared him that represent I looked in spared him that reproach. Hooked in the glass at my own little face; it was brown as a berry—brown by nature in the first place and made more brown by the summer sun and the breeze from the sea at home. His eyes were blue and his hair was fair. I was altogether brown -hair, eyes, skin, all brown alike. And I called him coppercolored!—I had called him young!— what else had I called him? I brushed back my brown hair tightly and severe-ly, tied my soft silk sash with a jerk and ly, tied my soft suk sasa with a phoping randown to dinner with arush, hoping to escape from my thoughts again. The girls were as happy as usual. They girls were as happy as usual. They could contemplate the situation tranquilly; it even afforded them amuse-ment; they found something humorous in my discomfiture. It was I, not they, whom he had overheard.

We sat in a half circle on the floor

did you say, Cis? Nothing—nothing-rat all events that mattered. You said he was young; well, that is true. How old; girls, do you imagine he is?" "Twenty-five," said Lottie. "Twenty-four," said Nell. "Very young," said Claudia, conclu-sively.

"Then you called him shy—well, he is shy. You said he blushed—well, he does blush." "That is just it," I groaned. "It is

all so true. "He will think you observant," said Nelly, nibbling the sugar from her biscait with slow epicurean enjoy-

"He will think, at all events, that you are interested in him," said Lottie.

cheerfully.

"In him—a man!" I groaned, for a girl who has tyrannized over eight admiring brothers and been treated all her life with deference by fond father and uncles has an ungrateful scorn for men. I had had no meek mother and aunts and sisters to teach me hu-

"Poor Cis—poor Cicely!" said the girls sympathetically. "And Saturday is confing and you will be forced to see him. You poor, poor Cicely!"

Yes, Saturday was coming. On Wednesday and Thursday and Friday On I went about with a constant conscious-ness of Saturday's inevitable advance. Our lecturer had stated that on Satur-Our lecturer had stated that on Saturday afternoon he would be pleased to go through our papers with us, to discuss points of interest, explain difficulties, and remove possible misconceptions. We were to go to him singly. I was to go alone to the man who, I had said, was shy of me and thought of me as a girl and could not forget that I was a girl, whom I had called copper-colored, who I had said blushed; the thought was terrible. the thought was terrible.

Saturday came. The girls were cheer-ful. "Go first, Cis," they said—"go first and get it over."

first and get it over."

"Yes, I will go first," I said. But when he came I faltered and put off the evil moment, and Claudia, Nell and Lottie all went in before me.

"He is not shy to-day," reported Nell, on her return. "I think, Cis, that we were mistaken about him. Or, perhams he was under the impression. haps, he was under the impress that we were learned girls; after our papers and our chatter he knows us better and thinks very little of us. He is solemn—horribly solemn! And no old man could be severer. Oh; he is quite at his ease."

Nell had reported truly. He was quite at his ease. He rose when he heard me, and looked at me calmiy enough when he shook hands.
"Miss Chrystal?" he said.

"Yes," I said, meekly.

He touched a chair that stood beside his at the table, and I sat down with a feeling of obedience. His face was grave, his manner, as Nell had said, severe, I wondered how I could have thought him nervous. He seated him-self beside me, and drew a corrected exercise toward him.

"This, I think, is your paper, Miss

Chrystal?"
"Yes," I said, in a small voice—"II think so, Mr. Tudor."

I think so, Mr. Tudor."

He turned the pages slowly and gravely. I sat looking down at my hands folded meekly on the table and did not see his face.

"Your first answer is—is inade-

equate."
"The first part of Stubbs is—is very difficult," I said, venturing to look up.
There was a strange quick little
twinkle for a moment in his eyes as he
glanced at me; but his lips did not

"In the next question," he said, slowly, "You confuse—or seem to confuse—two things, the constitutions and the Assize of Clarendon—a slip, per-

He was looking steadily and calmly at me, waiting. For the first time in my life I felt small and young and meek. I forgot that I was nineteen and no longer a school-girl. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own

said. "Constitutional history is quitequite new to me." "So I had gathered from your pa-per," he said quietly.

ignorane. "No-it was not a slip.

per," he said quietly.

His very gravity and quietness seemed like bitterest satire. He said he did not grasp my theory here—did not follow my argument there. And I had had no theory—I could not follow my own argument. He grew more grave and quiet and slow. At last he pushed back his chair a little and gave me my paper folded,
"You will have to read very steadily,

Miss Chrystal."
"Yes," I said, in a small voice.

"For some months."
"Yes," I said again.

"The rest of the class are far ahead of you."

l'es-yes-I know," I said. He seemed to have nothing more wholesomely humiliating to say to me, and I understood that the interview might end, and rose to go. He rose, too, immediately. Most of our lecturers nodded at us and sat still. Mr. Tudor conceded something to my girlhood. He stood where I stood, and remained

standing as he continued to speak to me. He threw out a crumb of praise. "Your style is clear," he seid. "When you deal with subjects within your grasp—when you do not get out of your depth—your style is clear decidedly. Not an altogether historical style, but lucid."

I felt that, on the whole, his blame had been less humilating than this his praise. He held open the door for me and shook hands gravely with a quiet

smile. "Good afternoon," he said.
"Good afternoon," I replied, and I

The girls had invaded my study and

The girls had invaded my study and were lazily stretched on my bed and window-seat and rug waiting for me.

"Well?" they said.

I sat down beside Claudia on the hearthrug and tore my corrected paper into small atoms and burnt them.

"I hate him," I said, poking the fire vigorously and pushing the smoldering paper into the flames—"I hate him! He thinks me conceited! He thinks me horrid! He tries to be satirical because he thinks me puffed up. He laughs at me—I saw it in his cyes—more than once—always—every time We sat in a half circle on the floor before the fire that night, in our pretty bright dressing-gowns, and drank cocoa and ate sweet biscuits before going to bed. I was hostess. My guests were merry, but I to-night was unusually silent and depressed.

"After all," said Claudia, sensibly, trying to comfort me—"after all, what

to him. And he despises me! And he will never, never forget." And there I forgot that I belonged

to a family of boys where no one ever wept, and burst into sudden tears; and Claudia, Nell and Lottie fell to comforting me. /

As the weeks went on I grew more and more convinced that I hated and always should hate Mr. Tudor—that he thought me young, ignorant, stupid, flippant, spoilt and conceited; that he despised my intellect, rememembered my foolish speeches and always would remember them. His eyes had a way of twinkling when he looked at me and dooked away again; all the perplexing questions seemed to fall to me, and his lips twitched when I spoke of gavelkind as a custom duty, and found Wolsey guilty under the Statute of Purveyance. He seemed to enjoy my blunders; the worst mistakes of Claudia, Nell and Lottie never provoked in him even a temptation to

But the bad half-hour in my week was on Saturday afternoons when I went alone to him, and sat by his side whilst he spread out that week's history paper of mine before him and commenced on its faults and required an explanation of its ambiguities, and waited patiently with most courteous attention for my answers. Now and then, glancing up at him quickly, I caught a gleam of laughter deep down in his eyes. Yet when he spoke his voice was slow and grave and weighty.

It was Saturday afternoon in the middle of the term. I sat beside him at the table, listening meekly to his criticisms.

"You miss the point here, Miss Chrystal. Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"And here you speak of impeach-ment as though it were procedure by

"Yes, Mr. Tudor." "That is a somewhat grave mistake."

I could not acquiesce again. And the monosyllable "yes" was the only form of answer that came to me.

"And here, I think, you were required to discuss the constitutional imortance of these events?"
"Yes, Mr. Tudor." "You have not done so, Miss Chrys-

"No-I am afraid-I am afraid not." "You mistook the question, possi-

He was looking gravely at me, waiting. My spoken answer, like my writ-ten answer, was not very much to the

point. I spoke desperately.
"What is the good of it all?" I said. "What does it matter about the judi-cial system, and who has the control of What does it matter about the Parliament, and the courts, and all the dull old laws? One can't really care for the constitution."

I had time while he sat surveying me to feel ashamed of my babyish, passionate speech.

"What made you think of devoting yourself to the study of constitutional history?" he said, with gentle surprise. His gentleness seemed like satire. My eyes, in spite of myself, suddenly filled with tears. Suddenly he looked away from me. He asked me no more ques-tions. For the next five minutes he talked rapidly, without a pause. When I resolutely blinked back my tears and glanced at him, he was diligently dis-figuring my history paper with crooked circles, and his face was less brown

than ruddy.

After that day his eyes ceased to twinkle when he looked at me; he passed me over in class and put the puzzling questions to Nell and Claudia, and was almost gentle when I went alone to him. He gave up ask-ing me to expound this theory and that argument which he had failed to

"He has forgiven you, Cie," said the girls. "He completely ignores you now—for which you are thankful, Cis, are you not?" thankful," I said. I said it impressively, for I needed to convince

myself as well as the girls. I was inconsistent, for I began to wish that he would find me amusing again, and to feel pangs of disappoint ment in class when he passed me over, and to desire, with quite unreasonable eagerness, that he should look at me again, even if his eyes should have laughter in their depths. But every week the laughter seemed further week the laughter secured further away. And if he was grave in class, he was graver still on Saturdays. He gazed steadily at my paper as he dis-cussed it, and discussed it as though in a dream. He no longer thought me dippant, and conceited, and foolish, and tried to cure me. He no longer thought of me at all. It was only at the end of the term that he set aside

his perfunctory tutor manner. "Are you going home, Miss Chrystal?" he asked me, hesitatingly.
"Yes. Not at once though. For a week or two I am going to stay with Claudia-Miss Harrison, I mean. Then

she will come home with me." I may be spending my holidays ar you. Perhaps—possibly—we may

meet each other. "Oh yes, very possibly," I said. And suddenly I felt light-hearted at the thought of holidays. There was a lit-tle pause, and I rose and held out my

"It is somewhere in Devonshire, it not?" he said. "What?"

"Your home."

"Yes. Axetown East. Quite a lit-tle place on the coast. Have you friends there, Mr. Tudor?"

"No," he said, doubtfully. "I be-lieve—I believe the fishing is good?" And it did not strike me as strange that he should be going to a place in which he had no friends, and of which he did not know the name and co

But I did not tell the girls what he had told me. It was only at the end of my visit to Claudia that I broke the news to her. I broke it casually.

"He came for the fishing," I said.
"And father and the boys seem—sceidentally—to have come across him."

"Never mind," said Claudia.
"No, it does not matter," I said resignedly.

signedly.

But Claudia was sympathetic next ed, even when inclosed in a le

day when we arrived at Axetown East. In a short fortnight Mr. Tudor had made great strides towards friendship with all at home. He had found favor with father and the boys; his hotel was comfortless, and he deserted it frequently. He came and went at all hours, laughed and smoked with the boys and talked sensibly like an old friend with father. He was more bronzed than ever; for a fortnight he had been fishing and rowing and walking with energy. He laughed as I had sometimes suspected he could laugh. He had left his tutor manners behind him with cap and gown. Suddenly

He had left his tutor manners behind him with cap and gown. Suddenly now, at the end of a fortnight, he had grown tired of fishing and of lonely boating and walking. He haunted our house. He seemed to be always where I was. Clandia was sympathetic. And, somehow, I felt traitorous when I received her sympathy. It was a still, warm summer evening a day or two after our arrival. We were in the drawing, room down, stairs and the drawing-room down-stairs and the French windows were open wide. Father was showing Mr. Tudor some views of places abroad where he had been stationed at different times. Suddenly, on the still air, came a voice from the garden. Claudis was coming up the path with my brother George up the path with my brother George
"And that is the story," she said.
"It doesnt't seem quite a modest thing
to say a man blushes when you speak
to him. Poor Cis! she has never been happy in his presence since. He will spoil her holidays. We try to praise him sometimes, but as for Cis, she will

never say any thing good of him. She really dislikes him now."

"That's a pity," said George, "for Tudor—poor beggar—is in love with

I do not think father had heard; h was engrossed in photographs of China. I did not venture to look at Mr. Tudor. I do not think that he looked at me But an anecdote which father was re lating was new to us when he told it again next day. It was an hour or two later that we found ourselves alone together. But George's words were ringing in my brain still. It seemed natural, now that we were alone, that he should go back at once straight to those words. "It is true," he said gently. "I did

"It is true," he said gently. "I did not mean to tell you yet. I meant to try to win your love first."

I did not speak. He was standing near me by the open window, and he took my hand and let it rest in his.

"Do I spoil your holidays?" he asked gravely. "Are you unhappy, as your friend says, because I am here?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I do not think that Claudia knows," I answered. "Cicely, I am very bold," he said eagerly—"very bold to speak to you now so soon. If I make you unhappy I will go. If I have no chance—no chance at all. chance at all-tell me, Cicely, and send ne away."
But I said nothing.

Send me away now," he said pleadingly.

I looked up at him. I could think
I looked up at him. I do not want of no proper answer. "I do not want to send you away," I said.—Belgravia.

ANCIENT TANNERIES.

Historic Facts in Relation to the Curr

In addition to sandals, the Egyptian curriers made the coverings of seats of sofas, bow-cases, quivers, the furniture of war chariots and the decorations of harps and shields. Stamped and beautifully embossed leather straps have been frequently found fastened round the mummies. The practice of stretching the tanned skin on a wooden frame. as is the custom of European saddlers, and the semi-circular knife in vogue with the curriers of the present day, ing me to expound this theory and that argument which he had failed to follow; and, when he was forced to the very lowest castes in India. Leathcondemn my work, he worded his er is considered unclean by the Hin-blame mildly and looked away as he dos, and consequently those who work in it are defiled. It is alleged of the shoemakers that they eat the flesh of domestic animals that die a natural death. They drag or carry away the carcass to their own part of the town careass to their own part of the town or village, cut it up in pieces and distribute the flesh among themselves in sufficient portions, and clean the hide, and put it away for sale, or to be manufactured into something.

It is a singular circumstance that the Chinese has a recognition of the town.

Chinese have no acquaintance with the process of tanning by vegetable juices, but use only mineral and animal sub stances; hence the inferiority of their prepared skins.

The myriads of victims slain in the Jewish sacrifices must have afforded the skin market a copious supply. The scarcity of glass, pottery and earthen-ware would, however, cause a constant demand for leathern bottles and drinking vessels, and then, by reason of climate, defective manufacture, and by exposure to the process of fermentation, were very perishable—perhaps even more so than the brittle vessels of glass

Only one tanner is mentioned in the Only one tanner is mentioned in the Bible—the Simon who was, in all probability, a member of the church at Joppa, and in whose house Peter found a temporary home when the messengers of Cornelius were informed: "He lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside." There are numerous wells of water in close proximity to the town of Joppa. This would render it a suitable locality for a tannery, and the adjacent port would would render it a suitable locality for a tannery, and the adjacent port would facilitate the shipments of a cargo in great request, not only through all the Mediterranean coast, but far up the Nile, and among the semi-civilized dwellers of northern Europe. Several tanneries of great antiquity still exist near the shore, one of which is said by tradition to have been that of Simon, the tanner.

the tanner.

We have many pieces of skin and leather from the Egyptian tombe in a phich state of perfect preservation, which passed through the hands of a sanner more than thirty centuries ago, and which, but for the invention of this process, must have perished in a few hours after they had left the carcasses from which they were stripped.—Chicago Shoe and Leather Review.

—It is said that old bank-notes can be detected by expert post-office clerks by the sense of smell. An old green-back has an odor that is readily detect-

ABUSING WASHINGTON.

candalous Charges Hade Agai

General Washington was propably as much abused as any President who has ever acted as the Chief Executive of the United States. At one time he said that he had been abused worse than a common pickpocket, and he was charged with all sorts of crimes during his administration. The Philadelphia Aurora was, perhaps, the most bitter. When Washington left the Presidency it had a jubilant article over the close of his term, in which it said:

"If ever there was a period of re joicing this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington this day ceased to give a currency to political iniquity and to legalized corruption. A new era is now opening upon us—an era which promises much to the people; for pub-lic measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious pro-jects can no longer be supported by a name. It is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States.

During a part of his Presidency Washington was called the step-father of his country, and among the para-graphs written about him was one which said: "That to talk of the wisdom of the great commander (Washington) and the great philosopher (Franklin) was to talk nonsense, for Washington was a fool from nature and Franklin was a fool from age."

In 1795 "A Calm Observer" in the

New York Journal accused Washing-ton of being a thief. He stated that he ton of being a thief. He stated that he had overdrawn his accounts and that he owed the treasury \$1,037. Another writer accused Washington of hypocrisy and declared that he wanted to be a King. A third criticised his carriage and his aristocracy, and, in fact, all the opposition newspapers denounced him in unmeasured terms. Congress went against him during his Congress went against him during his second term and refused to celebrate his birthday, though they had been ac-customed to do so, and when he re-fused to run for a third term they charged that he did so because he feared that he could not be elected.

It will be surprising to the people to-day to know that Washington once charged with murder. It was during one of his Presidential cam-paigns. The Philadelphia Aurora made the charge. It stated that Washing-ton had, during one of the battles of his early life, shot an officer who was bearing a flag of truce, and that in the papers relating to the affair he had ac-knowledged the act of assassination. Peter Porcupine takes up the charge in his letters and proves it to be false. The fact, however, stands that the charge was made.

Speaking of Washington, I see that some of the goody-good newspapers of the country are very indignant at the statement in Quackenbos history that Washington at one time ate peas with a knife. I do not doubt but the statement is true. The whole literary United States at the time of Washington, however, seemed to be a mutual admiration society, and there is little unfavorable gossip about the White House dinners. I found the other day, however, Maclay's diary, giving his experiences during his term as a Sen-ator of the United States when Wash-ington was first President. Maclay dined with Washington a num ber of times, and scattered through his diary are little bits of gossip about these dinners. At two of them he describes Washington as amusing himself during all the dinner by playing the devil's tattoo upon the table with his fork. He says, speaking of one of these dinners: "The President kept a fork in his hand when the "The Presicloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it."—
Cor. Cleveland Leader.

SUPERSTITIOUS SIGNS.

opular Fallacies Which Probably Originated Hundreds of Years Ago.

If, on going out of the house, you orget something, you must under no circumstances turn back if you can possibly avoid it; if you do, you must, at any rate, sit down a moment before going out again.

If the first person you meet is an old woman, it is a sign of coming misfortune; while, on the contrary, a funeral procession denotes good

Pigs to your left bring good luck, to Pigs to your left bring good luck, to your right the opposite; to avert which, grasp something made of steel and the spell will be broken.

If, on setting out on a journey, you meet a sow with pigs your enterprise will be sure to be successful.

To meet two magpies portends mar-riage; three, a successful journey journey;

four, unexpected good news.

To see one magpie and then more is unlucky; to kill one of these birds is irretrievable misfortune. It is also unlucky to kill a swallow. If your left hand itches you will take in money; if the right, you will

pay it out.

A ringing in the right ear means that some one is speaking well of you; in the left, you may be sure that evil tongues are busy with you.

If your right eye itches, you will see some beautiful sight; if the left, you will have cause to shed tears.

If your nose itches, you will hear some news or—will fall into the mire.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

-Cincinnati Enquirer.

-Pythagoras believed that man came from a bean and returned to one. This happens every day in this country, especially in Boston. It is a common spectacle to see men come from beans and return to them at the corresponding meal next day.—Norristons Hering meal next day.—Norriston

—A St. Louis man estimates that a Pullman sleeper nets the company \$7,520 a year.

JAPANESE STATU

Mr. Nikko-wa Fushikan the suite of Prince Kan ele of the Mikado of Japan, is a bright, intelligent and widely traveled little gentleman, who has been educated at Oxford and Leipsic. In the course of a chat with a Times' representative he said: "We were all very much impre

with the colossal Statue of Liberty, which has recently been placed in the harbor of New York, and read with interest all about its history. In a newspaper I saw an illustrated article on the other great bronze figures of the world, which gave sketches of five other statues in addition to the Bartholother statues in addition to the Bartholdi wonder. These were the Colossus of Rhodes, 105 feet high, but vanished many centuries since; the Arminius, on the summit of one of the highest mountains of the Teutoberg forest, near Detmold, Germany, which is '90 feet in height and was dedicated in 1875; the St Charles Borromeo, not far from the shore of Lake Magglore, which is 76 feet high and dates from 1697; the Virgin of Puy, set up in 1866 and 52 feet high, and the celebrated statue of Bavaria, at Munich, which measures 51 feet. Now, of course, whoever wrote that article did not mean to do the Japanese an injustice, but he did so nevertheless, for we have in my country two bronze statues of the Great Lord Buddah, each of which is proportiona'ely far larger than either proportions ely far larger than either of the last two I have mentioned and really as much so as regards the Arminius, for although its height is 90 feet, 35 feet are simply arm and sword, the top of the hero's helmet being 55 feet above the hero's above the base.

"Of the two great bronze statues in Japan the largest is near the an city of Nara, near the beautiful Lake Biwa, a part of Japan that comparatively few travelers visit. It is inside of a temple 156 feet high, 290 feet long and 170 feet wide, and was cast in the year 749 after eight unsuccessful attempts. The figure is that of Buddah and is seated cross-legged, as he is always shown, so that were the figure standing it would be very nearly twice standing it would be very nearly twice. city of Nara, near the beautiful Lake standing it would be very nearly twice as high. Seated in this position, with the right haud uplifted, the palm outwards and the finger tipe on a line with the shoulders, this quaint bronze is 53 feet in height above its rather low and unimportant pedestal. The figure has seen many accidents, such as fires and earthquakes, and has lost its head on two occasions from the former cause. the present one being very ugly on acthe present one being very ugly on account of the dark color of the bronze, the broad nostrils and the swollen look that the designer has given the cheeks. It is supposed to be Buddah in an attitude of deep contemplation, a very favorite one for showing him in. The plates of bronze are from 6 to 10 inches thick, and after being soldered together have been chiseled smooth. The face is 16 feet long, 9½ feet wide, and the width of the shoulders is 29 feet. There are 336 cards on the head There are 936 curls on the head, and behind it is a huge wooden halo-heavily gilded and nearly 80 feet in diameter. This image weighs 450 tons, and the records show that 500 pounds of gold and nearly 2,000 pounds of mercury were used, with the tin and copper that make the bronze of which it is constructed.

" Second in importance, so far as size goes, but really a much better known figure and in most ways more import-ant than that at Nara, is the Great Buddha at Kamakura, about fifteen miles from Yokohama. It is seated in the open air near a small and prettily-situated temple, and its huge head can be seen for some time through thetree-tops as one approaches. The atti-tude is more graceful and comfortable-than that of the figure at Nara, and the face wears a very gentle and placid expression, the idea of deep thought being remarkably well attained. This figure is 49 feet 7 inches high, has a circumference of over 97 feet at the base, the face is 8 feet 9 inches long, the nose 3 feet 9 inches and each thumb is 3 feet around. In the center of the forehead is a "bump of wisdom" 10 inches high. The eyes are of pure-gold, and it is said that the records show that 1.500 pounds of that precious metal were contributed to the smelting pots while it was being east. At present a beautiful temple, to cost about \$40,000, is being built over the figure. There is also a bronze Buddah in one of the parks at Tokio, the Japanese capital, which is 21 feet 6 inches in height."—Philadelphia Times.

General Pickett's Widow.

Among the visitors at the panorama of Bull Run, at Washington, the other day, was a lady of striking appearance, who seemed greatly interested in the picture of the fight. When the lecturer began to describe that portion of thebattle near the railroad track, and said:

'The conflict here can only be likened to features of the battle of Gettysburg, and the dash made at this point is said to have equaled the famous Pickett's charge," the lady seemed to take a greater interest in the picture, and when she turned to look at the lecturer he recognized her as the widow of General Pickett, that dashing Virginian who led the Confederate charge at Gettysburg. The lady is living at Washington now, and her name appears on the pay-roll of the Interior Department as a inborer. But Mrs. Pickett is not required to do laberer's work. She is assigned to clerical work. She is a refined and cultured woman, and is only one among the widows of renowned soldiers on both sides of the late war who fill small places here.

Washington Letter. battle near the railroad track, and said:

The secret in killing the Canada thistle is in not giving it a chance to breathe until the close of the season. Many farmers carry on the warfare thoroughly for a time, but fail after midsammer, and let enough shoots appear in September and October to cenew the lease of life for another year. This is especially true on land where wheat or other winter grains have been sown. Cut out the thisties. It will not injure but improve the wheat crop.

-Eschange.